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The Alma songster

London

[18--]

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THE ALMA SONGSTER.



God Defend the Right

Standard of England and banner of France
Low-backed Car
Gin-shop bar
Pop goes the Weasel
ReoBtnl
Our ancestors were Englishmen
Come to the Old Oak tree
Go, forget me
Standard-bearer
Old Simmonds, the belower
Sweet were the hours of infancy
Health, happiness, and love

The soldier knows that every ball
The soldier who died for his king
My friend and pitcher
Sons of Fingal
Ingle side
Banks of Ole Tar Riber
Reuben Rayne
Jack in the middle
Tidy suit for all that
Number One
There's nothing so perplexing
I dreamt I slept at Mad. Tussuan
Swizzy

Jeannette's answer to Jeannot
Widow that keeps the Cock Inn
Village Maiden
Drop of the Creature
Signal to Engage
Sailor's sheet anchor
Cavalier
Katty O'Cornav
Phoebe Morel
Cookey Darling
Officer's Funeral

RYLE & Co., Printers, 2 & 3 Monmouth Court Bloomsbury, London.

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THE ALMA SONGSTER.



God defend the right.

A Translation of the popular French song, "Partant pour la Syrie."

ON, onward, then, for Syria!
List Russia to this song;
Right cherrily the trumpet's blast
Is echoed by the throng!
One cry doth France and England
share

When girding for the fight!
"If war must be, then let it come,
And God defend the right!"

But late, a noble prince declared,
"The Empire, it is peace!"
The world with transport hailed his
words

And vowed that war should cease
Then woe to the foolhardy Czar,
Who dares our joys to blight!
War 'gainst this tyrant let us wage,
And "God defend the right!"

The Standard of England and the Banner of France.

HARK! hark! how the lion is
roaring,
List, list, it's the growl of the bear
Above the proud eagle is soaring,
The crescent waves high in the
air;

The steed with impatience is neighing
The banner of war is unfurl'd,
The trumpet its hoarse blast is bray-
ing, (world.
And threatens the peace of the

CHORUS.

Then up with the standard of Eng-
land,

Let our watchword alone be
advanced,

Then up with the standard of Eng-
land,

And raise the brave banner of
France.

It is fearful that life should be wasted
It's dreadful that blood should be
shed,

That the horrors of war should be
tested, (be fed;

That ravens and wolves should
Every mild art of peace have been
borne, (tried,

Every mild art of peace has been
Mediation has met with false scorn,
Now powder and knife must decide

Then onward by sea and by land,
Since there's no other course to
pursue,

Let Old England and France hand-
in-hand,

Show the world, now combined,
what they'll do;

Let the scabbardless sword meet the
light, (cry,

Down, down with the tyrant they
It's for honour and justice we fight
Then forward to conquer or die.

The Officer's Funeral.

(Mrs. Norton.)

HARK! to the shrill trumpet calling
It pierce the soft summer air
Tears from each comrade are falling
For the widow and orphan are there
Bayonets earth-ward are turning
And the drum's muffled tread rolls
around,
But he hears not the voice of their
mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound.

Sleep soldier! tho' many regret thee,
Who stand by thy cold bier to day,
Soon shall the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away.
The man thou didst love for a brother,
A friend in thy place will have gained,
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

But though hearts that now mourn for
thee sadly,
Soon joyous as ever shall be,
Though thy bright orphan boy may
laugh gladly,
As he sits on some comrade's knee;
There is one who shall still pay the duty,
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept o'er her soldier's grave.

Sweet were those hours of Infancy.

(G. Macfarren.)

SWEET were those hours of infancy,
When carelessly we play'd
Beneath the spreading chestnut tree,
And o'er the flowery glade;
When like two buds, together twin'd,
In sweetest strength we grew,
Hunting the odors of the mink,
And sought each others knee,

Sweet were the hours when side by side,
We stroll'd, in ripen years,
And told a more than mortal pride,
In mingling smiles and tears,
And now, shall adverse fate revoke,
Or lose affection's tie?
Ah! no, ah! no, the branches of the
tree,

Are sever'd but to die!

Health, Happiness and Love.

(Rannie.)

TOGETHER in the rural vale,
From childhood's early days,
We loved in the same cot to dwell,
In the same field to stray,
With wealth I could not bribe the maid,
To win whose heart I strove;
But, she my faithful flame repaid,
And gave me love for love.

All the ambition I possess
Is for my charmers sake.
And wealth were grateful I confess,
If Sarah might partake,
Though poor the joy that wealth bestows,
Compared to what we prove;
Be wealth that from contentment flows
Health, Happiness, and love.

Banks of the old Tar River.

DOWN by the banks of the old tar
river,

Heigh, he, hi, ho,
Something there I did discover,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
Juba dis, and Juba dar,
But a pound of kidney fat,
Walk Julia round de table,
Skin de pot, and lick de table,
Do Sally, do,
Gib me string to tie my shoe,
Hornes leg will neber do,
A stiffer leg a bull a bo.

As I come from ole Tennessee,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
I sat ole Dinah on my knee,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
Juba dis, dar.

As I was going to Boston fair,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
I sat my lubby Sally dare,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
Juba dis, dar.

Did you ever hear my Sally sing,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
While you hear de banjo ring,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
Juba dis, dar.

The Niggers then they show their faces,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
Stand back girls and take your places,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
Juba dis, dar.

Oh my Nigger song is done,
Heigh he, hi, ho,
I hope its pleased you every one,
Heigh he, hi, ho,

Reuben Rayne.

WHEN I was stolen from my home
And made a captive slave;
They bound me with an iron chain—
I did for many grave;
All day I wept, at night I cried,
“Oh, send me back again
Unto my own dear happy home—
To my poor Reuben Rayne.
Oh, pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
No slaver will to cheer me come,
Oh, pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
He'll never smile again.”

They told me to a Christian man,
What weeping, pities me,
He loosed the cruel bondage yoke,
And gladly set me free.
But oh, I could not Reuben find—
My own dear Reuben Rayne.
They told me he was dead and gone,
And sleeping on the plain.
Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
Deep sorrow broke his aching heart
Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
He'll never wake again;

All night I sat upon the grave,
With anguish I did cry
“Awake, awake, my love a wake,
Or let me with you die,
For in this wretched world of woe
I ne'er shall rest again,
Until I'm sleeping by thy side,
My own dear Reuben Rayne.”
Then pity, &c.

Here's a health to all good lasses.

HERE'S a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, all your glasses
Let the bumper toast go round;
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For in that true love are found

Little Feet and Green Ones.

(Henry Russell.)

WHEN at the market you sit,
And gaze around (let me say,
Remember, do not forget to say)
That you may find the best
That heaven in kindness gave the world
To cheer both great and small,
That little feet will drink too much,
But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too-fonding hour,
You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart
That you may make your own;
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And think, when pleasure leads,
That little feet will love to walk,
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
Alas! poor human kind,
Her rail against your fellow man,
With malice in your mind;
But in your daily intercourse,
Remember, let you fall,
That little feet will love to walk,
But great ones not at all.

In woe, or joy, be true to all,
And in the deepest grief,
Be kind and sympathetic,
The sorrows of the Deaf,
Let woe and hope go hand in hand,
And know, what is best,
That little feet may hope too much,
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same,
Your work and play, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame;
Four drink not maddening, but cheering,
So shall your life not pass,
For little feet will love to walk,
But great ones not at all.

In this old Chair my Father sat.

(Song by Mrs. F. S. Rogers, in the opera
of “The Slave of the Orient.”)

Published by Chappell, 50, New
Bond Street.

IN this old chair my father sat,
In this my mother smiled;
I hear their blessings on me wait,
And feel myself a child.
I feel the kiss of their fond love—
Jey, jey too bright to last!
O, why will cruel Time remove
Or Mom's print the past I love

And here, alas! when they were gone
In Beauty's own array,
A pining anguish on me shone,
To chase each grief away;
But oh, it was delusive love,
The sweetest, the purest last;
Ah! if such dream there must be,
May I, when next I meet

Number One.

It's very hard, and so it is
To live in such a room,
And witness this, that every man
And woman has got a bean.
Young Love goes walking up and
down,
But here he settles to stand,
I'm sure he has been asked enough
to stand at Number One.

Think of all the double numbers
That come at Number Two.
At Number Three, I often see
A lover in the dock;
And one in blue at Number Two
Calls daily, like a dun;
But very hard they come on now,
And not to Number One!

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dame,
According to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane,
Without a bit of blind.
But I'm in the balcony,
Which she has never seen,
And she, which thrives at Number
Five,
Don't take at Number One!

'Tis hard, with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by;
There's nice young men at Number
Two,
But only rather shy.
And Mrs. Smith, across the way,
Has got a grown-up son,
But he's hardly known to know
That there is a Number One!

Once, Larry, when the fire broke fire,
The fire broke fire,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
And told me not to swoon.
Why can't he come again without
The Phoenix or the Sun,
We wanted always have a Sun
On fire at Number One.

My mother often sits at work,
And talks of 'proposals' and 'stays',
And when a suitor comes to call,
In her declining days.
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nut;
The sweethearts all belong to them;
That call at Number One.

There is nothing so perplexing
as being by Mr. Weiss, in the opera of the
Bondman.

Made by Chappell and Co., New Bond
Street.

THERE is nothing so perplexing,
So uncertain and so vexing,
So alarming, and so frightful,
Yet so delightful and so gay,
As what I'm making they call
But, there's no one knows the bottom,
When you make it for another—
To be honest—then to be honest—
And, to tell, if he was honest,
He might stand no chance, at all!

There, attempting the revealing,
Of a passion which is blind,
All his follies always blinding,
When she's certain you are thinking
Less of person, and of gain!
'Tis a question for the world,
To determine, whether rather
If on love or on the world,
You have your eye set,
It won't matter for the world!

The Widow who keeps the Cock Inn.

A TRAVELLER for many long years
I have been,
But I never went over to France—
Most cities and all market towns I've
been in,
From Berwick on Tweed to Penzance,
Many hotels and taverns I've been in my
time,
And many fair landlady's seen—
But of all the fair charmers who other
outshine,
Give me the sweet widow—
The dear little widow,
I mean the sweet widow that keeps the
Cock Inn.

Her lips are as red as 'er nose is her wine,
And like all her liquors, she's neat,
She's full of good spirits, that's really di-
vine,
And while serving her biters looks
sweet.
Because these outpourings—she springs
from the heart—
You may laugh—so shall I, if I win
One smile of content—(how 'twould lessen
the smart)
From the active young widow,
The spruce little widow—
The prim little widow who keeps the
Cock Inn.

There's Bet at the 'Blossoms', and Polly
of the 'Crown'—
Fat Dolly, who owns the 'Red Heart'—
There's Kate of the 'Garter and Star' of
renown,
And Peggy, who keeps the 'Skylark',
Space for the 'Eagle', and Nan of
the 'Bell'—
Pretty Jane of the 'Man dressed in
Green'—
But of all the fair creatures who others
outdo,

Give me the sweet widow,
The nice little widow,
The sweet pretty widow who keeps the
Cock Inn.

There's Nance at 'The Old Woman
clothed in Gray'—
I look back upon her, I vow—
Even Betty, who graces 'The Old load
of Hay'—
I don't care a straw for her now!
There's another, I mean'd just now in
my heart—
I for none of the rest care a pin—
Oh, that Cupid, the rogue, would but let
fly his dart
At the plump little widow,
The gay little widow—
The spirited widow who keeps the
Cock Inn.

When last in her little bar parlour I sat
I joked her about her lone state—
'A brood of young chickens, dear widow
you're hatching—
Wouldn't be better around you peeps,
Says she, 'Pray don't reckon them for,
they are hatched'—
Says I, 'Where's the harm or the sin
You can manage a second—no so very
well match'd—
You dear little widow
You charming young widow—
You nice little widow to keep the
Cock Inn'—
Then here's to the dear little charmer I
prize,
In a bumper now fill'd to the brim—
For who could resist such a pair of black
eyes,
As in rich liquid moisture they swim.
Away, then—away with my bachelors!
My hand to
For a she

I dreamt that I slept in Madame Tussaud's.

A Party on 'I dreamt that I slept in
in marble halls.'

I DREAMT that I slept at Ma-
dame Tussaud's,
With cat-throats and kings by my
side—
And that all the wax figures in those
abodes
At midnight became vivi-fied—
I dreamt that William the Fourth
sat down to smoke
With Collins, who aimed at his
eye—
And I also dreamt King Hal—what
a joke
Danced the Polka with Mrs. Fry,
Danced the Polka, too.

I dreamt that Napo-le-on Bu-na-
parte
Was waiting with Madame Tuss-
aud That O'Connell, to study the reg-
side art,
Had a gossip with Fieschi-o-o-e.
And Kean making eyes with Queen
Bea, I saw,
And Pitt taking greg with Fox!
And also I dreamt the sun melted,
oh, la!
The nose of Lord Brougham and
Vaughan.

The nose of, see

Luff, luff, my lads, the gale increases.

LUFF, luff, my lads, the gale increases.
While we wait before the wind,
Reef the main-sail till it ceases,
While the boats, boys, never mind!
On the starboard tack we venture,
And behold the craggy shore,
As the destined port we enter,
While the raging billows roar.
True to honour and to duty—
All such maxims sailors boast;
Yet we dash to love and beauty,
And can give the seaman's toast—
Wives and sweethearts—on the ocean,
We all owe to a man.
Fearing danger's all a notion,
Let us boost the flowing can!

The boatswain, piping, loudly thunders,
'So your quarters, fore and aft!
The great guns sponge, prepare for war-
ders.
While, my lads, the wind's afloat!
With grape-we can nip-pers that
Naval heroes drink and sleep;
He that bravely falls in battle,
Nobly serves his nation and his

The Village Maiden.

WHEN first I saw the village maiden,
Like Cymon, motionless I stood;
'Twas Iphigenia's self appearing,
So lovely, beautiful, and good.
Her cheeks out-blast the ripest rose,
Her smiles would banish mortal woes;
So sweet the village maiden.

Clara's a cynic all eyes attracting,
Her breath Arabian spices sigh;
For her, like ore, would Av'rice wander
Adapture all the prize to gain.
I told my love with many sighs,
Which she return'd with speaking tears;
Then sigh'd the village maiden.

She sigh'd because she had no riches,
To make her lady-like and gay;
The virtue was her only riches,
And she was her only gay.



Jeannot's Answer to Jeannette.

CHEER up, cheer up my own Jeannette, tho' far away I go,
In all the changes I may see I'll be the same Jeannot;
And if I win both fame and gold, ah! be not so unkind
To think I could forget you in the home I leave behind;
There's not a lady in the land, and if she were a queen,
Could win my heart from you, Jeannette, so true as you have been;
They must have gallant warriors; chance hath cast the lot on me:
But mind you this—the soldier, love, shall not desert to be.
Why, ever since the world began, the surest road to fame
Has been the field, where men unknown might win themselves a name;
And well I know the brightest eyes have ever brighter shone
When looking at some warrior bold returned from battles won;
And you would put an end to deeds which ladies love so well,
And have no tales of valour left for history to tell;
The soldier's is a noble trade, Jeannette, then rail no more;
Were only kings allowed to fight, there'd be an end of war.

The Soldier knows that every Ball.

THE soldier knows that every ball
A certain billet bears;
And whether doomed to rise or fall,
Dishonour's all he fears.
To serve his country is his plan,
Unawed or undismayed;
He fights her battles like a man,
And by her thanks he's paid.

Far, Far upon the sea.

Composed & Sung by Mr. H. Russell
FAR, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
Upon the deck we gather young and old,
And view the flapping sail,
Swelling out before the gale
Full and round without a wrinkle or a fold.
Or watch the waves that glide,
By the vessel's stately side,
As the wild sea birds that follow thro' the air;
Or we gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.
Far, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
We watch the sea birds follow thro' the air;
Or we gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the winds blow fair.

To foreign shores he cheerily goes,
By duty only driven;
And if he fall his country knows
For whom the blow was given.
Recorded on the front of day,
The warrior's deeds appear;
For him the poet breathes his lay,
The virgin sheds her tear.

The Soldier who died for his King.

Music published by D'Almaine, Sebo Square.

DEAR maid of my soul, should I perish
Where battle's rude discord speaks loudly,
The name of thy fond lover cherish,
And let thy young bosom beat proudly;
My own banner over me wave,
My broken shield over me fling,
And carve on the oak o'er my grave—
"The soldier who died for his king."
Yet, maid, when my life-blood is streaming,
One tear to my last moment given,
Like a star in thy blue eyes beaming,
To me 'twere a foretaste of heaven!
My own banner, &c.

My Friend and Pitcher.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer;
Give me but these, I'll ask no more—
My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With these, what mortal can be richer?
Give me but these—a fig for care—
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.
From morning sun I never grieve
To toil, a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I came home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Though Fortune ever shuns my door,
I know not what can thus bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lee,
We talk of pleasant days when we were young;
And remember, tho' we roam,
The sweet melodies of home,
The songs of happy childhood which we sung;
And tho' we quit her shore,
To return to it no more,
Sound the glories that Britannia yet shall hear,
That Britons rule the waves,
And never shall be slaves,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lee,
Sound the glories that Britannia still shall hear,
That Britons rule the waves,
And never shall be slaves,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the winds blow fair.

The Maid of Erin.

OH Erin, my country, although thy harp slumbers,
And lies in oblivion near Tara's old hall,
With scarce one kind hand to revive its numbers,
Or strike the rude dirge to the star of Fingal.

Then Erin, my country, I love thy green bowers;
No music to me like the murmuring rill:

The shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
And what is more dear than thy daisy-embellish'd hill?

These caves that were used by our warriors and sages,
Are most sacred still held in an Irishman's heart;

In the ivy-ground turrets and pillars of past ages,
There's grandeur and beauty to him go bright.

Britannia may boast of her lion and armour,
When she her old wooden walls comes to view;

Caledonia may boast of her pyre and clamour,
And pride in her phillibeg, kilt, and her hose.

Oh, where is the nation can rival old Erin?
Or tell me the country such heroes can boast:

In battle they're brave as the tiger or lion,
And swift as the eagle that flies round our coast.

The breeze often shakes both the rose and the thistle,
Whilst Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the dale;

Securely it stands while the stormy winds whistle,
And lies undisturbed in the arms of the vale.

Then hail! fair island of Neptune's old ocean,
The land of St. Patrick, my parents' agras;

Cold, cold must the heart be and void of emotion,
That loves not the music of Erin go bright.

Far, far upon the sea,
Whatever our country be,
The thought of it shall cheer us as we go;

And Scotland's sons shall join in the song of Auld Lang Syne,
With voices by memory softened, clear, and low;

And the men of Erin's Isle, battling sorrow with a smile,
Shall sing St. Patrick's morning void of care;

And thus we pass the day, as we journey on our way,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
We'll sing our native music, void of care,
And thus we pass the day, as we journey on our way,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the winds blow fair.



Our Ancestors were Englishmen.

MY ancestors were Englishmen, an Englishman am I,
And 'tis my boast that I was born beneath a British sky;
I prize my peerless birthplace for its freedom and its fame;
In it my father lived and died, I hope to do the same.
I've heard of foreign countries that are very fair to see,
But England, dear old England, is quite fair enough for me,
And he who on its happy soil is not content to stay,
May leave it when he likes and find a better where he may.

We may not have the mountains which other lands may show,
Their sides adorned with vineyards, and their summits crowned with snow,
We may not boast the grandeur or the melancholy grace,
Which tells of Time's destroying hand and war's terrific race;
But we have fertile valleys, we have hills, and dales, and dells,
Where peace and plenty smiles around, and sweet contentment dwells;
And we have cliffs that battle o'er, and battle with the spray
Of a thousand waves that roll around a shore as free as they.

There's not a sea that on its breast a hostile fleet can bear,
But England's flag is seen to fly in stern defiance there;

There's no alien east, west, north, or south, but colored with the same
Of England's dashing warriors, and rings with England's name.
Our ancient institutions and good English laws,
Have wrung from e'en our bitterest foes their wonder and applause;
O, his must be a coward's heart who would not make a stand,
For altar, throne, for hearth and home, in such a native land.

Come to the old oak Tree.

(A Gipsy Glee.)

COME to the old oak tree,
By the light of the pale moon's glance;
Come with a foxtrot free,
And join in the gipsy dance:
Around us, above us,
Here melody floats,
And the lasses that love us
Repeat the soft notes.

Then come, &c.

Here's spring with its early leaves,
And summer with all its flowers;
Here heart and its beauties wave
O'er fair nature's bowers;
Storm clouds are darkening
The haunt of the free;
But all here is sparkling
In beauty for thee.

Then come, &c.

Go, forget me.

GO! forget me! Why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go! forget me, and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing;
Smile, though I shall not be near thee;
Sing, though I shall never hear thee:
May that soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gleam of mine!

Go, forget me, &c.

Go, where other smiles await thee,
Go to halls of dazzling light!
Go, outshine all beauties near thee;
Chain another's heart to-night!
Go! thou vision, wildly dreaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go! for me no longer gleaming;
Hope and beauty, fare ye well.

Go, forget me, &c.



The Standard Bearer.

(Sung by Mr. W. Phillips.)

UPON the tented field, a Minstrel Knight
Beside his standard, lonely watch is keeping,
And thus amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, and sings while all are sleeping.
The lady of my love, I will not name
Altho' I wear her colors as a token
But I will fight, for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag, where our vows were spoken.
Beneath the flag, &c.

The night is past, the conflict o'er,
The minstrel knight is seen each foe defying,
While death and carnage onward still are borne;
His song is heard, 'mid thousands round him dying.
The lady of my love, &c.

Stem death, now sated, quits the gory plain,
The life blood, from the warrior bard is streaming,
Still on his flag; he rests his head with pain,
And faintly sings, his eye with fervour burning.
The lady of my love, I will not name
I still preserve her colors as a token
I fought and fell, for liberty & fame,
And never has my knightly vow been broken.
And never has, &c.

Simmonds, the Bellower.

(Parody on Simon the collarer.)

OLD Simmond, the bellower,
Keeps a coal store,
Of colliers, & slaters, nub-belly
And light weights, and who can say
what he does more?
For a pious old cock is he.
The sack to have holes in he never
does fall,
And all the day long he keeps
'slanging' the scale;
Yet they'll never nail him, he bluntly
does say, (waggons a day.
While he makes a ton out of six
And oh, dear! oh, his snout does
show, (does go.
How oft the 'three out' to his lips

His flame, Moggy, sits in her little
back room,
And of tin the range has she;
From there every hour comes forth
a perfume,
And she says it is strong bohea.
But there's a black tea-pot behind
the room door,
And Moggy is oft in 'high-strikes'
on the floor;
Now Moggy she swears she must
take 'pon' her soul,
A 'summut' to wash down the dust
of the coal.
But oh, no go! Old Simmonds
does know,
Where many a cask of Old Tom
does go.

Old Simmonds, blind drunk, in his
three-legged chair,
Talks strongly of whacking his
wife;
And Moggy is heard, 'r'help her
bob, to declare,
She'll settle his gussling for life,
Then Moggy she gives him the
length of her tongue,
Till both of them battle, being more
than half-sprung;
So, somehow, it ends with a break
of the head;
And Simmonds and her, the police
put to bed;
With, 'ho, ho, Joe! they'll tip us
we know,
What! lock 'em up? that's not
our game, no, no, no.

TO ask would you come for to go
How a true-hearted tar ye'd
He's as honest a fellow, I'd have
you to know

As o'er steep between stem and
stern:
Let fierce winds the vessel
waft,

In his station amidst ships, or
fore, or aft,
He can pull away,
Cast off, belay,

Aloft, alow,
Avast, ye ho!

And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and gear,
And of duty every rig;

But his joy and delight
Is on Saturday night
A drop of the creature to swig.

The first voyage I made to sea,
One day as I have the lead,
The main-top, gallant-mast went by
the lee,

For t'blew off the Devil's head;
Tumble up there, bear 'hind,
turn eo,

While I the foremost of the
crew,
Soon could pull away,
Cast off, belay,

Aloft, alow,
Avast, ye ho!

Know each halliard and gear,
And hand, reef, and steer,
And of duty every rig;

But my joy and delight
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

There was Kit with a cast in his eye
And Tom with a timber toe,
And shambling Will, for he hob-
bled awry.

All wounded a-fighting the foe:
Three lads, though crasy
grows and crank,
As true as overboard drank,
For she'd pull away,
Cast off, belay,

Aloft, alow,
Avast, ye ho!

And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and gear,
And of duty every rig;

But their joy and delight
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

Then over the ocean I'll jog,
At the norm or the Spaniards
come on.

So but sea room I get and a skin
full of grog.

I fear neither devil nor den:
For I am the man that's a-spect
and dast.

In my station amidst ships, or
fore, or aft,
I can pull away,
Cast off, belay

Aloft, alow,

Avast, ye ho!

And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and gear,
And of duty every rig;

But my joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night
A drop of the creature to swig.

The Signal to Engage.

(Dibdin.)

THE signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hellow,
Be one and all but firm, like me,
And conquest soon will follow.

You, Gunnel, keep the helm in
hand—
Thus, thus, boys! steady, steady!
Till right a-head you see the land,

Then, soon as we are ready,
The signal, &c.
Keep, boys, a good look out, d'ye
hear!

'Tis for old England's honour;
Just as you brought your lower tier
Broadside to bear upon her.

The signal, &c.
All hands then, lads, the ship to
clear,

Load all your guns and mortars;
Silent as death th' attack prepare,
And, when you're all at quar-
ters,

The signal, &c.

Swissy.

(Dibdin.)

IF bold and brave thou canst
not bear
Thyself from all thou lov'st to tear;
If, while winds war, and billows
roll,

A spark of fear invade thy soul;
If then'tt appall'd when cannons
roar,

I prithee, messmate, stay ashore:
There like a lubber,
Whine and blubber,

Still for thy ease and safety busy,
None dare to come
Where honest Tom,

And Ned, and Nick,
And Ben, and Phil,
And Jack, and Dick,

And Bob, and Bill,
All weathered sieg. and drink the
swiny.

If shouldst thou lose a limb in
fight,
She who made up thy heart's de-
sire

(Poor recompence that thou art
kind)

Shall prove incense to the wind,
If such hard fortune thou hast deplore
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore:

There, like a lubber, &c.

If thou'rt in a foreign land,
No friend, no money at command,
That man thou shouldst have sent
All knowledge of thee should dis-

cover;
If this of old vex thee so the core,
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore:

There, like a lubber, &c.

The Sailor's Sheet-anchor.

(Dibdin.)

SMILING grog is the sailor's best
hope, his sheet anchor,
His compass, his cable, his log,
That gives him a heart which life's
care cannot canker;

Though dangers around him
Unite to confound him,
He leaves them, and tips off his
grog.

'Tis grog, only grog,
Is his rudder, his compass, his
cable, his log,
The sailor's sheet-anchor is grog.

What though he to a friend in trust
His prize money convey,
Who, to his bend of faith unjust,
Cheats him, and runs away;

What's to be done? He vents a curse
Gainst all false hearts ashore;
Of the remainder clears his purse,
And then to sea for more.

There smiling grog, &c.

What though his girl, who often
swore
To know no other charms,
He finds, when he returns ashore,
Clasp'd in a rival's arms:

What's to be done? He vents a
curse
And seeks a kinder she:
Dances, gets groggy, clears his purse,
And goes again to sea.

To crosses born, still trusting there,
The waves less faithless than the
fair;

There into toils to rush again,
And stormy perils brave—what then,
Smiling grog, &c.

The Sailor.

(Dibdin.)

THAT girl who fain would
choose a mate,
Should ne'er in fondness fall her,
May thank her lucky stars if fate
Should splice her to a sailor.

He braves the storm, the battle's
heat,
The yellow boys to nail her;
Diamonds, if diamonds, she could
get.

Would seek her honest sailor.

If she'd be constant, still the heart;
She'd never will never fail her;
For, though a thousand leagues
asunder,

Still faithful is her sailor.
If she be false, still he is kind,
And, absent, does bewail her;

Her trusting as he trusts the wind,
Still faithful to the sailor.

A butcher can provide her grog;
Three threads to drink, a tailor;
What's that to blubber and to grog,
Procured her by her sailor?

She who would such a mate refuse,
(The devil sure must ail her!)
Search round, and if you're wise
You'll choose

To wed her honest sailor.

The Shop on Fire

Parody on "The Ship on Fire"

THE goose on the shopboard was
work'd pretty fast,
And the steam rose in clouds as it went
hissing past,
As heavily laboured the hard-working
Snip,
Like a cross-legg'd old Sultan, the cloth
on his hip.
And dull were the men—they could
scarce raise a laugh
Except when the gov'nor sent up half
and half.
A young woman sat in the kitchen below
And calling her child by a name rather
low,
She bawled to its dad, 'midst its squalling
so wild,
Oh, Bodkin! dear Bodkin, come down
to this child!
It paid—the young brat very quiet did
lay,
And the slaves like winking kept stich-
ing away,
The needles shone bright in the sun—it
was June—
And a chap on the shopboard tried to
whistle a tune.

There was joy in the the shop you
could judge by their tone,
And fondly within in they wished the
work home,
The tailor's wife hugged her young brat
to her breast,
And she sung Molly Bawn, cos it suited
her best,
And her husband sat stiching away at
her side,
And he looked once or twice very sweet
on his bride,
Now happy, said he, when this here work
is o'er,
We'll go to Gravesend, if we can't to the
Nore.
Already in fancy the steamers I spy,
And the smoke from the funnels mount-
ing sky high,
The Windmill Hill Green, with the
swings and the stalls
And donkeys to ride on 'cluding the
falls—
With Tully's Bazaar, and the famed
Tivoli—
Now scrumious to go for a-day on the
spree!

Hark! what's the row? hie, hark to the
cry!
Fire! then a scream then a scout
And the policeman's rattles sprung loud
in the air,
And the mother run up to the back sec-
ond pair,
And she bawled to the tailor, in agony
wild,
Oh, Bodkin! dear Bodkin, look after
the child!

Farewell to the Old Year.

FAREWELL to the Old Year! He's
withered and gone;
His moons have all waned, and his suns
have all shone;
He's gone to that bourne whence he'll
never return:
'Twere in vain to regret him, and use-
less to mourn;
So fill up each glass,
And let the toast pass;
Farewell to the old year, farewell!
omorus.
Farewell to the old year,
Farewell to the old year,
Farewell to the old year, farewell!

May the friends he has robbed us of
live in our hear!

She flew to her husband, she snatched by
his side,
For he was not on her—now wasn't she
wide!
First fire; 'twas flaring up high and
down low,
And the mugs of the tailors turn'd
queer at the sight,
And they looked like O. Smith, in the
glim of the light.
'Twas vain for the men any longer to
stop,
The dewolving flames had fast hold of
the shop,
And the smoke in four volumes rose
higher and higher.
Oh, isn't it awful to be done brown by
fire?
Our sticks for destruction are booked
safe I see—
Mister Braidwood, you nice man, our
hope is in thee.

Quite down on their luck, but still plucky
and brave,
They lowered a blanket—'twas all they
could save!
First slid down the mother, and took it
quite mild,
And then very kindly threw out the
child.
Next followed Bodkin—then came his
crew,
With a sleeveboard, some patterns, and
cuttings a few
Cold, cold, they felt, so they went over
thi way,
And called for a quarten their anguish to
stay,
They prayed for the fireman—when
turning about,
They saw lots of boys, and they heard a
great shout,
Oh, aingin—aingin, cries Bodkin, with
glee—
It's a fact, and they strained all their
optics to see,
They twig us, they twig us, towards us
they're lured—
But there's one consolation—thank God,
we're insured.

Oh, for an Eagle's pinions.

OH! for an eagle's pinions,
That I might fly to thee, love—
All ties but thine I'd banish,
For thou art all to me.
More swift than eagles' flight,
Mine to thy side should be,
Ah yes, outstripping far the stormiest
gale,
The ambient air I'd cleave love,
O'er land and sea I'd follow thee,
Friends, country, kindred all I'd leave,
O'er land and sea &c.

May the good he has brought to us never
depart!
May the wisdom he's taught us be
cherished in store!
And then we shan't grieve that the old
year's no more.
So fill up each glass,
And let the toast pass;
Farewell to the old year, farewell!
Farewell to the old year, &c.

But see the New Year, with a sweet
smiling face,
Like a beautiful maid, to her virgin em-
brace
Now welcomes us all, and with wide-
spreading arms,
Invites us to revel and joy in her charms.
So fill up each glass,
And let the toast pass;
Ah hail to the new year, all hail!
Ah hail to the new year, &c.

The Mother who hath a Child at Sea.

(A beautiful Ballad, written by Miss
Eliza Cowley)

THERE'S a cheek that's growing
sadly white,
As the tokens of storm come on with the
night;
There's a form that's fixed at the lattice
frame,
To mark how the gloom gathers o'er
the main;
While the angry billows dash the shore,
With loftier sweep and wilder roar:
That cheek, that form, oh, whose can it
be,
But a mother who hath a child at sea?
The rushing whitebills shiver her blood,
As the north wind hurries to scourge
the flood;
The icy shiver spreads o'er her heart,
As the first red lines of lightning start;
The ocean boils: all mute she stands,
With parted lips and tight-clasped hands.
Oh, marvel not at her fear, for she
Is a mother who hath a child at sea.

She presses her brow, she sinks, she
kneels,
While the storm howls on and the thun-
der peals;
She breathes not a word, for her pas-
sionate prayer
Is 'so fervent and deep for the lips to
bear.
It is poured in the deep and convulsive
sigh,
In the straining glance of an up-turned
eye;
And a holier offering cannot be
Than a mother's prayer for her child at
sea.

When Time hath bereft Thee.

WHEN time hath bereft thee
Of charms, now divine,
And youth shall have left thee,
No beauty be thine;
When the roses shall vanish
That encircle thee now,
And the thorn thou wouldst braid
Shall press on thy brow;
In the hour of thy sadness
Thou'lt think upon me;
But the thought shall be madness,
Deceiver, to thee.

When he who could turn thee
From virtue and fame,
Shall leave thee and spurn thee
To sorrow and shame;
When by him thus requited,
Thy brain shall be stung,
Thy hopes shall be blighted,
Thy bosom be wrung;
In the depth of thy sadness
Thou'lt think upon me;
But the thought shall be madness,
Deceiver, to thee.

Bid me Discourse.

BID me discourse, I will content thine
ear,
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
Or like a nymph with bright and flowing
hair,
Dance on the sands, &c. &c. &c. &c.

The Low-back'd Car.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy
'Twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming
And deck'd with flow'rs of spring
No flow'r was there that could com-
pare.

With the blooming girl I sing,
As she sat in the low-back'd car
The man at the turn-pike bar
Never ask'd her for the toll,
But just rubbed his old poll,
And look'd after the low-back'd car

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes demands the
tithe

Of death in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess!
Has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down in the mar-
ket town.

As right and left they fly— (oh
While she sits in her low-back'd
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart

That is hit from the low-back'd car
Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaugh-
ters.

By far outnumber these,
While she among her poultry sits;
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage. I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love,
While she sits in her low-back'd
The lovers come near and far, fear,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is picking—
As she sits in her low-back'd car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side, (loves;
Than a coach and four and gold ga-
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forermost me,
On cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
While my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-back'd
car.

To be married by Father Maher,
Oh! my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-back'd car

The Gin-shop Bar.

WHEN first I saw Miss Bailey,
'Twas on a Saturday,

At the Corner Pin she was drinking
And smoking a yard of clay.

And when that pipe was emp-tied,
She'd fill it with backey again,
Throw off her glass, and shout "Old
Lass!"

"Let's have another drain!"
As she stood at the gin-shop bar,
She'd sing, she'd laugh, "Mal hal
While I've got the tin,
"I'll spend it in gin,
"So good luck to the gin-shop bar."

Miss Bailey round the bar, sir,
Would send her glass of gin,
She didn't care who drank with her,
While she had the tin.

"I'd rather be outside, sir,
Than with that metley throng,
For she kept on annoying me,
And coming it rather strong.

"Till she fell off her perch, sir,
As sprawling on the floor,
And loudly about "My glass is out
"Let have a toothful more!"

But the man at the gin-shop bar,
Sent for the Bobby's, not far,
Who quickly did fetch her,
Then off on a stretcher,

She went from the gin-shop bar.
Next morning a government car,
Took her from the Police bar,
She was heard to say,
As they bore her away,
"I take arter my own mamma!"

Pop goes the Weasel.

NOW all the girls are going mad
For—Pop goes the Weasel!
And the finest tune we ever had,
Is—Pop goes the Weasel!

It danced by Albert and the Queen
Chummies done it round the green.
And many girls have ruined beer—
By Pop goes the Weasel.

Organ boys grind in the street,
Pop goes the Weasel!
The thing to make you feel your feet
Is, Pop goes the Weasel!

It costs the young chaps such a lot,
To treat the girls to you know not—
The Millatamen march and trot,
To Pop goes the Weasel!

The costermonger beats his moka,
To—Pop goes the Weasel!
And the donkey jumps at every poke
Pop goes the Weasel!

Quack Doctors send out lots of pills,
And get the cash out of the gills,
Because they always head their bills,
Pop goes the Weasel!

At Drury Lane, they play and sing,
Pop goes the Weasel!
Barbers thinking of, cut your chin,
Pop goes the Weasel!

The tallyman I must confess,
Leave on credit many a dress,
But when they call for the cash, I guess
It's—Pop goes the Weasel!

In the Laughing Gas the ladies say,
Pop goes the Weasel!
And many girls are led astray,
By Pop goes the Weasel!

To hear it play'd some thousands hop
And last week a mad bull made a stop
Then run into a music shop,
For Pop goes the Weasel!

Police-men teach each girl on their
beat,
Pop goes the Weasel!
For which they get all the cold meat
And—Pop goes the Weasel!

The grinder in the street each day,
Knives for ladies grind away,

And the wheel when turning never
to say,
Pop goes the Weasel!

Ben Bolt.

OH! don't you remember sweet
Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with eyes azure brow,
Now she wept with delight when
you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your
frown.

In the old church yard in the val-
ley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure, and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite
so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the
stone.

They have fitted, &c.

Oh! don't you remember the wood
Ben Bolt,
Near the green sunny slope of the
hill,
Where oft we have sung, 'neath the
wide spreading shade,
And kept time to the click of the
mill.

The mill has gone to decay, Ben
Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around
See the old rustic porch, with
roses so sweet,
Lies scatter'd all over the ground.
See the old, &c.

Oh! don't you remember the school
Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind, and so
true,
And the sweet little nook by the
clear running brook,
Where we gather'd the flowers as
they grew.

O'er the master's grave grows the
grass, Ben Bolt,
And the clear running brook is
now dry,
And of all our old friends who were
schoolmates then,
There remain now but you Ben
Bolt, and I, &c.

And of all, &c.

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Our Rambles by the Dove.

(Eliza Cook.)

TIS well to proudly tell me
Of the glories of the West,
Of the stream with rapid torrent,
And the lake with heaving breast,
Of the mountain and the prairie,
Of the forest and the bluff,
Savannah spot so fragrant,
And the jungle dell so rough.
I know that there are wonders
In your own gigantic land,
The gorgeous and the beautiful,
The startling and the grand.
I know the cataracts are bold,
The fields of maize are wide,
I know the pines are thick enough
To let the lightnings hide;
But glad I am to hear thee say,
With warm and clinging love,
Thou thinkest of Old England and
Our rambles by the "Dove."

Prize as thou wilt the banks that
keep
Thy clear broad rivers in,
Where panthers drink and light
canoes
Bear on the tawny skin,—
Be speaking fondly as thou may'st
Of hills that climb around,
And boast of wild flowers that
bedeck
The trackless "hunting ground."
Magnolias are exquisite
And humming-birds are choice,
And "whip-poor-will" may charm
thee with
His melancholy voice;
But can'st thou quite despise the
thrush
That whistled on the thorn,
And those "forget-me-nots" that
were
The jewels of the morn,—
Can'st thou shut out the green
below
And cloudless blue above,
That led us still, still onward in
Our ramblings by the "Dove?"

Oh, no, indeed! I know thy land
Will never chase away
The happiness you found in mine
On that long, sunny day
I know thy great White Mountains
Cannot dim the winding sleep
That lured us dreamily along
To gain the "Lover's Leap."
Do you remember how we sat,
And tried to find a word
That would express the plashing
gush
Of waters that we heard;
And how we watched the alders
bend,
As peacefully and light,
As, though an angel's wing had
passed,
And touched them in its flight:
And how we said that Eastern
clime
Held no Arcadian Grove
Of more romance and sweetness
Than the valley of the "Dove."

We were familiar with the place—
We had been there before;
But, somehow, on this August day,
We worship'd it the more;
And every crag of old grey rock,
And every wave-washed stone,
Seemed touched with richer colour.

And how it washed in foaming haste
Adown the mossy wall,
Where granite fragments broke the
flow,
And caused a water-fall;
And how we stood with silent joy,
And hearts o'rim-full of love,
And saw the great Creator
Gliding onward with the "Dove."

Oh, do not let the mighty scenes
That meet thy vision now,
Shut out "Thorpe Cloud" that
standeth
Like a frown on Beauty's brow.
Oh, do not let the noble trees
That spring upon thy sod,
Prompt thee to spurn the bramble
arms,
That hugged us as we trod.
Thou wilt be seeing many things
To win thy loudest praise;
But let Old England's woods and
dales
Yet steal upon thy gaze.
Think of our merry travels
On this narrow island earth,
And own that we have often found
Rare spots of Eden birth;
And when amid the vast and fair
Thy native footsteps rove,
Call up our sunny rambles
By the waters of the "Dove."

I breathed a prayer while straying
there;
"God grant 'twas not in vain."
It asked the boons of life and
health
To view that place again—
It asked that those around me then
Might share that future joy:
The nope was earnest, strong, and
pure,—
God keep it from alloy!
Write on, and proudly tell me
Of the wonders of the West:
But glad am I that, more than once,
Thy spirit hath confessed
Affection for our daisied fields,
Green lanes, and babbling brooks,
Our orchards and white cottages,
And fairy-haunted nooks;
For I believe that thou wilt come,
With a' thy olden love,
And let my prayer be answered
By the waters of the "Dove."

Ole Virginny Shore.

OH, if I was only young again,
I'd lead a different life;
I'd save my money—buy a farm,
And take Dinah for my wife.
But now old age he holds me tight,
And my limbs are growing sore;
Den carry me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

Now every day the world goes round,
And pleasure from us run;
Oh, wouldn't I lead a happy life,
If I was only young.
But now I am so feeble grown,
I cannot walk any more;
Den carry me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

Oh, when I'm dead and gone to rest,
Lay de banjo by my side;
Let de possum and 'coon to de fune-
ral go,
For dey were my only pride.
In soft repose I'll take my sleep,
And I'll dream for ever more;
Den carry me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

Susannah don't you cry.

I'M a going to Alabama,
Wid my banjo on my knee,
And I'm going from Louisiana,
My true love for to see:
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather had a dry:
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Susannah don't you cry.
Oh, Susannah don't you cry for me,
I'm going to Alabama wid my banjo
on my knee.

I jump'd on board de Telegraph,
And floated down de river,
De electric spark it magnified,
And killed five hundred nigger.
De bulgin bust, de horse run off,
I really thought I'd die,
I shut my eyes to hold my breath—
Susannah don't you cry.
I had a dream de oder night,
When every ting was still,
I thought I saw Susannah
Coming down the hill;
De buck wheat cake was in her
mouth,
De tear was in her eye,
Says I, my lub, I'm from de south,
Susannah don't you cry.
Now when I get to New Orleans,
I mean to look around,
And if I see Susannah,
I'll fall down on de ground;
But if dat she is married,
Dis nigger will surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susannah don't you cry.

He tells me in Danger and Distance.

HE tells me, in danger and dis-
tance,
All the glory he vowed to main-
tain
No dishonour shall ever profane;
He tells me the charm of existence
Is friendship that firm can re-
main;
He tells me that love but a cheat is,
Bearing, then flying away;
And though he at most times dis-
creet is,
Yet he told me in whispers one
day, One day—
"Keep, in Venice, your hand on
your lip,
On your lip—yes, on your lip,—
'Tis a spot delightfully gay;
Yet they should hear you only say,
Tra, la, la, la, la."

I know that he sensibly feebleth
All the value of virtue and fame,
For himself and his country the
same.
I know that if sorrow appealeth,
His heart ne'er rejecteth its
claim;
I know that if war or if peace is,
Prudence is ever his guide;
To prove that his caution increases
Only last night he told me aside,
Aside,—
"Keep, in Venice, your hand on
your lip,
On your lip—yes, on your lip,—
'Tis a spot most delightfully gay;
Yet they should only hear you say—
Tra, la, la, la, la."

Now by Day's retiring lamp.

NOW by day's retiring lamp,
Lo! the vapour dense and
damp,
Thro' the misty ether spreads,
Every harm the traveler dreads.
Hark! hear the wanderer's song,
As he winds the hill's among.